

-----  
Title: Terraknight Chronicles Vol. I

Author: Locke Terraknight  
-----

Terraknight  
Chronicles

Volume 1

The Madman

Late one eve about two hundred years ago, a madman set foot in his tower. In tow behind him, a large bloodsoaked sack. The sack left a long streak of crimson in its wake as the man dragged his captures to his sanctuary on the third floor. He delicately spoke a few words in some foreign tongue and a ring of what looked like black smoke flashed crimson around the doorway and dissipated. Entering this sanctuary he motioned with his hand and the door slammed shut, the loud clang echoing in the woods for miles. The man removed his darkened and bloodstained hooded cloak and tossed it aside carelessly. He turned to the bag he'd towed into the room, and motioned to it. The sack's tie instantly unraveled and floated to his hand. Full to the brim, the sack toppled open, sending the heads of many young women tumbling across the room. One of these heads came to rest at the man's food, and he kicked it into the air,

catching it. He looked for a moment at the young girl's head, noticing the lifeless blue eyes, open wide with fear. Her mouth remained open in an eternal scream. The man scowled and walked over to a large garbage receptacle, tossing the head that once belonged to a beautiful young woman named Elsa into the garbage just like any other refuse. And so it continued, with all twenty-three of the night's kills, all of them young women. The madman Denkhara Terraknight looked at each disembodied head and discarded each with a scowl. None of them would do. He walked wearily down to his study, annoyed with himself for once again not finding what he sought that night. He wrote for a moment in his memoirs, then laid himself down on a small bed in a corner of the room. And slept soundly. On top of his tower, in a case of glass, lay his one true love.

In Trinsic, Sephie Sarnath sat at her job in the bakery, wasting away the hours. At the time, Trinsic's business wasn't doing so great, forcing her to put up with hours and hours of absolutely nothing to do. Thus she was thrilled when a tall man walked into the bakery.

"I'd like a hundred loaves of bread," he said.

Stephie stared, speechless for a moment. When words finally found her, she replied, "A hundred?!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Alright sir but that order will take quite some time to complete... can you wait until it's completed?"

"I've got all the time in the world," he said with a smile.

She smiled back, "Then would you like to have a seat at our waiting table?"

"Aye."

Hours passed, the bakers toiling furiously in the back room. Sephie kept sneaking glances at the man out of the corner of her eye.

Finally the man spoke, "Why don't you stop doing that and just come over here?"

Sephie blinked. How had he known? He'd been staring away from her the whole time. "Well," she responded, "I guess we won't be having any more customers today anyhow."

For another five hours they sat and talked about little things. What the day was like, what their hobbies were. They found themselves laughing and having a great time. Sephie couldn't help but notice the man would stare at her face from time to time with a smile. -He must be quite taken by me!- she thought to herself. When the man's order was done, he became somewhat serious and asked her if she'd like to accompany him for a walk in the moonlight. By now Sephie

was feeling adventurous,  
and agreed.

Sephie and the man  
walked quietly out of  
Trinsic, with him dragging  
a large sack full of one  
hundred loaves of bread.  
He suddenly laughed,  
"after all that talking, I  
forgot to ask your name!"

Sephie smiled and gave  
her full name, "Sephie  
Sarnath."

"I'm Denkhara," he smiled  
back.

In the shadows lurked all  
kinds of creepy things,  
and Sephie jumped at the  
noises.

"Don't worry, dear Sephie.  
I won't let anything harm  
you... Not even them," he  
motioned at a tree and  
it disintegrated, revealing  
a very frightened brigand.  
Five more trees  
disintegrated, revealing  
more scoundrels in  
waiting. They quickly  
regained their composure  
and grouped together, as  
there is always safety in  
numbers. They all drew  
their weapons, brandishing  
them at Denkhara. "What  
do you want, fools?"  
Denkhara demanded.

"What's in the sack?"  
asked the man who  
appeared to be their  
leader.

"Bread," he shrugged.  
"You're joking, right? All  
that's bread?"

"Indeed it is."

"Well then perhaps we'll  
have to take something  
else. Perhaps we'll claim  
that woman you seem so

fond of, hmm?"

"That would not be wise,"  
warned Denkhara, his gaze  
icy cold.

"Yeah well, we aren't the  
brightest, you know?"

"It would certainly seem  
that way."

All the brigands lunged at  
Denkhara at once,  
screaming battle cries  
that echoed in the woods.  
And all at once they  
were destroyed by the  
waving of Denkhara's  
hand. Their bodies  
exploded from the inside,  
sending blood flying  
everywhere. The mage  
quickly shielded Sephie  
from the rain of blood  
with his cloak. The  
remainder of the walk  
was completely silent until  
they came upon a tall  
dark tower.

"Home sweet home,"  
remarked Denkhara.

"Very impressive," said  
Sephie, staring in awe.

That night Denkhara and  
Sephie got to know  
each other even more, and  
became very close friends.  
Eventually they married  
and had many children. In  
all the years they lived  
in that tower, there were  
two rules that Sephie  
was to follow: Never read  
Denkhara's Memoirs, and  
Never even go near the  
sanctuary. She had no  
problems with these rules  
and was happy to follow  
them, as long as they  
stayed together. They  
were happy. The killings  
of young women were  
attributed to the slain  
brigands, and Denkhara  
Terraknight was granted

the title of Great Lord  
for his bravery.

To Be Continued...